

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 1.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1834.

NUMBER 34.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
MILLET & KING.
TERMS.—One dollar and seventy-five cents in advance.—Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publishers.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms; the proprietors not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed, *Post-paid*.

[From the (Boston) Morning Post.]
The decorum of parties at Congress compared.—The memorial from York, in Pennsylvania, in support of the measures of the Administration, happened to contain some expressions derogatory to the purity of Mr. Webster's motives in advocating the Bank. The Vice President, Mr. Van Buren, communicated the objectionable passage to Mr. Webster, and with the consent of the two Senators from Pennsylvania, had it expunged, before it was read. The Senators in the opposition, however, were not satisfied with this, and rejected the memorial.

Here we find the head of the administration party in the Senate, unwilling that any personal reflections should be cast on a Senator opposed to him in politics.
Now look at the language of the memorial of the opposition. It is not a Senator who is assailed with injurious imputations, and opprobrious epithets; but it is the President of the Union. Hear the language of Senators themselves, in open debate, on the President, his motives, and his measures, and then tell us where we shall look for that decorum, public virtue, and prudence, which we have been told is the exclusive attribute of the opponents of this patriotic Administration.

There is not a more elegant, finished, and agreeable writer in these United States of America, than he who indites for the New York Standard: here is a specimen:—
Boston Statesman.

Noise is not mirth, else would the sexton be a merry dog, while his bells peal forth the note that preludes the nuptials of the village maiden, the merriment which alone is doomed not to share, although from his ear eminence he may see the whispering crowd pass joyously along. Your quiet man who now and then ventures shy remark, enjoys himself much more than he who blunders into a witicism, after stumbling up a staircase of follies. Give us mirth as much as you please, but let there be quiet with it, that we may properly digest it.

He who kisses a woman, and jumps back as if he had achieved much, has only gratified his vanity. No man knows what a kiss is who has not prolonged it to its utmost extent. As Byron says:—
"A kiss's strength,
I think, should be computed by its length."
A kiss you can remember for years, and muse over as you would over the favor of the sunny south side, that once filled your exhausted cellar. As to a hurried kiss it is all nonsense, you might as well kiss a woman in Broadway, and in such a case what would be the odds whether it was your lady-love or your aunt. And so with all enjoyments in life, they must be prolonged to be pleasant. No man who knows what a good dinner is, will hurry through it. Who would relish the eager wit of a party of punsters, except trumpeting the others' trick, after having heard the true wit of a party of easy pleasant men?—Swallow hasty pudding as fast as you please, but in God's name, pause over a boudin à la Sefion. Drink beer or brandy, but sip nectar and ambrosia.

[From the Boston Morning Post.]
MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.
In the House of Representatives, Feb. 28, when the resolves relating to the United States Bank were under consideration, Mr. Saltonstall, of Salem, read from a party newspaper the report of the Philadelphia Committee, and commented upon it at length with great spirit and ire, when a gentleman from Fall River, and a gentleman from Kingston, who had before said they could not vote for the resolves, declared that they were now converted by this newspaper slang, and should vote for the resolves. Mr. Darling of Marblehead, said "he really pitied these gentlemen for their weakness, that they should change their sentiments so easily, and that merely by the wave of a newspaper banner. They had not seen, he presumed, so many decoy flags hoisted as he had, or they would have been able to see through the deception. He said he was on board the frigate President, in the last war, and fell in with a Baltimore built schooner on the back of the Vineyard, which proved to be the British schooner Highflyer. She hoisted a set of signals, which the Commodore ordered to be answered by hoisting a flag at the fore-sky-mast-head, and to be hauled immediately down. The schooner squarred away and came down under our lee, and the captain came on board, rigged in his chaparrin brass, in great snuff, was waited upon below by the proper officer, and soon found himself, to his great surprise,

in the cabin of the United States frigate President, seated by the side of Commodore Rodgers. So the gentlemen from Fall River and Kingston, it seemed to him, had been in this case deceived by false signals, and would directly find themselves seated in the cabin with the real enemies of the government.

Great alarm was felt by the friends of the National Administration, Monday, from a report that the editor of the Boston Courier was in a passion. This gentleman is very indignant at any thing like a wrong—having never injured his neighbor's feelings, nor belied his reputation, it is not surprising that his honest heart should swell with the bravest impulse of indignation at what he may imagine injustice in the conduct of another.

[Boston Statesman.]
The Brokers crossed.—It is rumored that this worthy class of our citizens are about calling a meeting to petition Nicholas Biddle to put the screws on again—their "distress," they state, is insufferable—absolutely cruel—money can be had almost for asking.

[Boston Statesman.]
The venerable Ex-President Madison, as we learn from a friend of the patriot entered upon his eighty-fourth year on Sunday 16th inst. He was born on the 16th March, 1751. With all this weight of years he retains his bodily health remarkably well. A feebleness in his movements which lessens his activity, and debars him from exercise on horseback, are the only marks of his advanced life. His mental faculties are in the highest state of activity, and his cheerfulness, particularly in female society, partakes more of the buoyant character of youth than any one would imagine, not intimately acquainted with his happy frame of mind. In conversation with strangers, he is cautious of touching upon the mere personal politics of the day; but on all the great constitutional questions which late years have thrown up, he is uncommonly clear, happy, and conclusive.

[Saturday Courier.]
The New Bedford Gazette says:—The "Lads of Canada" seem to be a little out of sorts with the mother country. We apprehend they will be for tugging the world soon that "when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary, &c." as did their neighbors, a half century ago.

[Sat. Courier.]
Editorial Delicacy.—The Hancock Advertiser very modestly speaks of the detection of a thief, near the premises of its printers, in the attempt to rob the store of Mr. Charles Peters, in Falmouth. A friend of ours tells us that the Editor, Mr. GRANT, caught the fellow in the very act, and that upon the villain's making some resistance, and threatening to blow his brains out if he approached him, when in the act of escaping, the said Editor made after him, and dealt him a blow which deprived him of part of his incisive teeth, and brought him captive to the ground.—[Bangor Courier.]

Augustus Caesar, by observing, at a public show, that grave Senators talked with Livia, and loose youngsters with Julia, discerned his daughter's disposition.—Ozelli.

BEAUTIFUL CONTRAST.
The following happy passage is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney:

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless step around the chamber of the sick; and the woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in Senates, or to wade through fields of slaughter to a throne. Yet revolvings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity broken up. We arrive, then, at the conclusion, that the sexes are intended for different spheres, constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its head on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition, or to the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapolluted zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the 'Great task-master's eye'; and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of Heaven."

DEATH.
The most sensible motive to abate the passions is Death. The tomb is the best source of morality: Study vantage in the coffin of the miser; this is the man who accumulated heap upon heap, riches upon riches: see a few boards enclose him, and a few square inches contain him: Study ambition in the grave of that enterprising man; see his noble designs,

his extensive projects, his boundless expedients, are all shattered and sunk in this fatal gulph of human projects! Approach the tomb of proud man, and there investigate pride:—See the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions condemned to eternal silence: the piercing eyes that convulsed the world with fear, covered with a midnight gloom, the formidable arm that disturbed the destinies of mankind, without motion or life! Go to the tomb of the nobleman, and there study quality; behold his magnificent titles, his royal ancestors, his flattering inscriptions, his learned genealogies, are all gone, or going to be lost with himself in the same dust! Study voluptuousness at the grave of the voluptuous; see his senses are destroyed, his organs broken in pieces, and the whole temple of sensual pleasure subverted from its foundation.

ANECDOTES OF BURNS.
[From Allan Cunningham's New Edition of his Work.]

BURNS'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.
Of the person and manners of the poet, at this important period of his life, (when about twenty three years of age,) we have various accounts; but the portraits, though differing in posture as well as in light and shade, all express the same sentiment. He was now grown up to man's estate, and had taken his station as such in society; he was the head, too, of his father's house, and though his expenses were regulated upon a system of close economy, his bargains as a farmer, controlled by his brother Gilbert, and his demeanor at the fireside under the mild influence of his mother, he had in all other matters his own will. He had recorded much of himself at this period in prose and verse, nor can this be set down to egotism;—from all the world, save the little community of Kyle, he was completely shut out, and he turned his eyes on himself, and wrote down his own hopes and aspirations. He has even recorded his stature in rhyme:—
Oh! why the duce should I repine,
Or be an ill foredoomed?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a soldier.

His large dark expressive eyes; his swarthy visage; his broad brow, shaded with black curly hair; his melancholy look, and his well knit frame, vigorous and active—all united to draw men's eyes upon him. He affected, too, a certain oddity of dress and manner. He was clever in controversy; but obstinate and even fierce when contradicted, as most men are who have built up their opinions for themselves. He used with much taste the common pithy saws and happy sayings of his country, and invigorated his eloquence by apt quotations from old songs or ballads.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

The hero of the piece was John Wilson, school-master of the parish of Tarbolton: a person of blameless life, fond of argument, opinionative, and obstinate. At a mass meeting, it seems he provoked the poet by questioning some of his positions in a speech stuffed with Latin phrases and allusions to pharmacy. The future satire dawned on Burns at the moment, for he exclaimed twice, "Sit down, Doctor Hornbook!" On his way home he seated himself on the parapet of a bridge near "Wille's Mill," and in the moonlight began to reflect on what had passed. It then occurred to him that Wilson had added to the moderate income of his school the profit arising from the sale of a few common medicines; this suggested an interview with "Death," and all the ironical commendations of Domine which followed. He composed the poem on his perilous seat, and when he had done fell asleep; and was awakened by the rising sun, and on going home, committed it to paper. It exhibits a singular union of fancy and humor; the attention is arrested at once by the difficulty felt in counting the horns of the moon, and we expect something to happen when his shadowy majesty comes upon the stage, relates his experience in "nicking the thread and choking the breath," and laments how his scythe and dart are rendered useless by the skill of Dr. Hornbook. On the appearance of the poem, Wilson found the laugh of Kyle too much for him—
The weans held out their fingers laughing.
So he removed to Glasgow, where he engaged with success in other pursuits. He lives, but knows no one the better for naming the name of the poet, or making any allusion to the poem.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

The origin of the cantata is worth relating. Mauchline ale and Mauchline madens frequently brought the poet from Mossiel, which lies some half-a-mile distant. He frequented the public house of John Dow on those occasions in the immediate vicinity of the scene of the "Jolly Beggars." The house of Post's Nansie, alias Agnes Gibson, stands opposite nearly to the church yard gate. One night it happened that Smith of Mauchline and Burns, on their way up the street, heard the sound of "meikle fun and jokin" in Nansie's hostelry, and saw lights streaming from the fractured windows. On entering they found a company of wandering meddlers enjoying themselves over the dear kilbaggies. They were welcomed with

cheers, entered into the humors of the scene, called for more liquor, and the noise and fun grew fast and furious. Burns paid much attention to an old soldier with a "wooden arm and leg," whose drollery was unbounded. In a few days he rough-wrote the cantata, and showed it among his friends. He gave the only copy now known to be in existence to David Woodburn; it is at present in the hands of Thomas Stewart of Greenock.

BURNS ON HIS RETURN FROM EDINBURGH.

After an absence of six busy, and to him eventful months, Burns returned to Mossiel, the 8th of June, 1789. His mother, a woman of few words, met him with tears of joy in her eyes at the threshold, saying "Oh! Robert!" He had left her hearth in the darkness of night and he came back in the brightness of day;—he went away an obscure and almost nameless adventurer, and he returned with a name round which there was already a halo not destined soon to be eclipsed. In his own eyes, his early aspirations after fame seemed as hopeless as "the blind groping of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave;" he had now made his way to the mountain-top, his pipe was at his lips, and all the country was charmed with his melody. The last lines which he expected to measure in Caledonia were not yet uttered, and he who, to use his own words, was lately,

Darling dined in glens and hallows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
By constables, these blackguard fellows,
And bailed baith,

was now a poet of the highest order—the fit and accepted companion of the proud and the lordly, with gold, the fruits of his genius, in his pocket, and more promised by the muse.—Those who formerly were cold or careless, now approached to praise or welcome him; while his mother, who never imagined that aught good could come from idle rhyme, received all as something dropped from heaven, and rejoiced in the fame of her son.

BURNS AS AN EXCISE OFFICER.

The poet had a duty, and an arduous one to perform; his district reached far and wide;—he was ever punctual in his attendance, and though he might plough and sow, reap and graze, Elmsland by deputy, it required his own eyes and hands to superintend the revenue in ten parishes. That he acquitted himself diligently, but gently, in his vocation, there is abundance of proof; against the regular smugglers his looks were stern and his hand was heavy, while to the poor country dealer he was mild and lenient. The poet and a brother exciseman one day suddenly entered a widow woman's shop in Dunscore, and suddenly made a seizure of smuggled tobacco. "Jenny," said the poet, "I expected this would be the upshot, here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jack, did ye ever hear of an auld wife numbering her treads before check-reels were invented? Thou's aye, and thou's no aye, and thou's a' out—listen. As he handed out the rolls, he went on with his humorous enumeration, but dropping every other roll in Janet's lap. Lewars took the d dired note with much gravity, and saw as if he saw not the merciful conduct of his companion.—Another informant had been lodged against a widow who kept a small public house in Thornhill: it was a fair day—her house was crowded—Burns came suddenly to the back door, and said, "Kate, are you mad? the supervisor and me will be in on you in half an hour!" This merciful hint, out of which the most serious charge might be made, saved the poor woman from ruin.

One clear moonlight morning, on being awakened by the clang of horses at gallop, he started up, looked out at the window, and to his wife, who asked eagerly what it was, he whispered, "It is smugglers, Jan." "Robert, what I fear ye'll follow them?" she said, "And so I would," he answered, "were it Will Gunnion, or Edgar Wright; but it's poor Brandyburn, who has a wife and three weans, and is no doing owre weel in his farm. What can I do?" She pulled him from the window. Many anecdotes of this kind might be told.

TAM O'SHANTER.

Tam O'Shanter was the work of a single day. The name was taken from the farm of Shanter in Kyle, the story from tradition. Mrs. Burns relates, that observing Robert walking with long swinging sort of strides, and apparently muttering as he went, she let him alone for some time. At length she took the children with her, and went forth to meet him; he seemed not to observe her, but continued his walk. "On this," said she, "I stepped aside with the bairns among the broom—his brow flushed and his eyes shining; he was reciting these lines:—
"Now Tam! O Tam! had they been queans,
A plump and strapping in their trens," &c.
I wish ye had but seen him! he was in such cheeky that the tears were happping down his cheeks." The poet had taken writing material with him, and leaning on a turf fence which commanded a view of the river, he committed the poem to paper, walked home, and read it in great triumph at the fire-side. It came complete and perfect from his fancy at the first heat.

HIS MANNER OF COMPOSING.

When he lived in Dumfries he had three favorite walks.—On the dock-green by the river

side—among the ruins of Lincluden College—and towards the Martingford on the north side of the Nith. This latter place was secluded, commanded a view of the distant hills and romantic towers of Lincluden, and afforded soft greensward banks to rest upon, and the sight and sound of the stream. Here he composed many of his finest songs. As soon as he was heard to hum to himself, his wife saw that he had something on his mind, and was quite prepared to see him snatch up his hat and set silently off for his musing ground. When by himself in the open air, his ideas arrange themselves in their natural order, words came at will, and he seldom returned without having finished a song. In case of interruption, he set about completing it at the fire-side; he balanced himself on the hind-legs of his arm-chair, and rocking to and fro, continued to hum the tune, and seldom failed of success. When the verses were finished he passed them through the ordeal of Mrs. Burns's voice; listened attentively while she sung; asked her if any of the words were difficult, and when one happened to be too rough, he readily found a smoother—but he never, save at the resolute entreaty of a scientific musician, sacrificed sense to sound. The autumn was his favorite season, and the twilight his favorite hour of study.

BURNS'S DEATH.

It was soon spread through Dumfries that Burns had retired from the Brow much worse than when he went away, and it was added that he was dying. The anxiety of the people high and low, was very great: I was present and saw it. Wherever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works—of his witty sayings and sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of; half a dozen of them stopped Dr. Maxwell in the street, and said, "How is Burns, sir?" He shook his head, saying, "he cannot be worse," and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries farther up the way. I heard one of the group inquire with much simplicity, "Who do you think will be our poet now?"

Though Burns now knew he was dying, his good humor was unaltered, and his wit never forsook him. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bed-side—"Alas!" he said, "what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking."—He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation. Soon afterwards he saw Gibson, one of his brother-volunteers, by the bed-side, with tears in his eyes. He smiled and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me."

His little household presented a melancholy spectacle; the poet dying; his wife in hourly expectation of being confined; four helpless children wandering from room to room, gazing on their miserable parents, and little of food or cordial kind to pacify the whole or soothe the sick. To Jessie Lewars, all who are charmed with the poet's works are much indebted; she acted with the prudence of a sister and the tenderness of a daughter, and kept desolation away, though she could not keep disease. "A tremor," says Maxwell, prevailed his frame; his tongue, though often refreshed, became parched; and his mind, when not roused by conversation, sunk into delirium. On the second and third day after his return from the Brow, the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth day when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly—rose almost wholly up—spread out his hands—sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed—fell on his face and expired.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

Even the wandering poor were to the poet a heavy tax; he allowed no one to go past his door without a halfpenny or a handful of meal. He was kind to such helpless creatures as are weak in mind, and saunter harmlessly about; a poor half-mad creature—the Madge Wildfire, it is said, of Scott—always found a mouthful ready for her at the bard's fire-side; nor was he unkind to a crazy and tipsy prodigal named Quinn—"Jamie," said the poet one day, as he gave him a penny—"you should pray to be turned from the evil of your ways; you are ready to run now and melt that into whisky." "Turn," said Jamie who was a wit in his way, "I wish some one would turn me into that worm o' Will Hyslop's whiskop-still, that the drink might run continually through me." "Well said, Jamie!" answered the poet, "you shall have a glass of whisky once a week for that, if you'll come sober for it." A friend related Burns for indulging such creatures:—"You don't understand the matter," said he, "they are all poets; they have the madness of the muse, and all they want is the inspiration—a mere trifle!"

I am assured by Mrs. Haugh, who knew him well to the last, that Burns drank from circumstances rather than inclination. An angel from heaven, she said, could scarcely have escaped

corruption in his situation; he was constantly invited, nay, sometimes almost dragged into company. Her husband now and then, as he went out by daylight in the morning to his work, met Burns coming home. The poet never passed him without a word or two, expressing his sorrow for the life he was leading—such as, "O, Mr. Haugh, you are a happy man; you are a happy man; you have risen from a refreshing sleep, and left a kind wife and children, while I am returning a poor self-condemned wretch to mine."

He disliked to hear great people talked about more than they deserved. One who was in his company kept saying, the earl of such a place said this, and duke so-and-so said that—"Have done, sir," exclaimed the poet; "you are stopping our mouths by a royal proclamation." He loved praise—and loved it not the less when it came from the lips of an accomplished lady—"Madame," said he to Mrs. Murdoch, "your praise has ballooned me up Parnassus."—"My merit is not all my own," he said to Robert Aiken of Ayr, "for you have read me into reputation." He called once on a certain lord in Edinburgh, and was shown into the library. To amuse himself till his lordship was at leisure, he took down a volume of Shakespeare splendidly bound, and on opening it discovered, from the gilding, that it had never been read; also, that the worms were eating it through. Some dozen years afterwards, another visitor took down the same volume, and found the following lines penciled by Burns on the first page:—

Through and through the inspired leaves
Ye maggots make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

To one who was frugal of his wine at table, and who was standing holding up a fresh bottle, saying, "Do allow me to draw this one cork more; I ask it as a favor."—"Sir," said Burns, "you hold the screw over the cork like Abraham holding the knife above his son Isaac—make the sacrifice."

Of the farm of Ellisland, when some said it was good ground, Burns answered, "And so it is, save what is stones. It is not land, sir—it is the riddings of creation!" While at Moffat once with Clarke, the composer, the poet called for a bumper of brandy—"Oh, not a bumper," said the musician—"I prefer two small glasses."—"Two glasses?" cried Burns, "why, you are like the lass in Kyle, who said she would rather be kissed twice hearted than once with her bonnet on."

We recommend to the attention of our readers, the following extract from the Address of the minority in the Virginia Legislature to the People of that State. It is an ably written paper, and notwithstanding its length, will be read with deep interest. We would willingly transfer the entire address to our columns were it in our power. But we must content ourselves with presenting them with what follows.—[Saco Democrat.]

We are not blind and indiscriminate admirers, however, of your present chief magistrate; some things have been done under his sanction to which we cannot give our approbation. In the proclamation itself there are doctrines which many of us do not sanction. That document was written at a time of great excitement and alarm, and it should not be a matter of surprise, that principles were introduced into it, the full force and tendency of which the President had not time duly to weigh and consider. According to the interpretation of many of us, there are doctrines contained in it, which neither accord with the President's practice, nor the opinions expressed in his other official documents—there are doctrines founded on assertions assumed as facts, which in truth are not facts, according to our understanding of history—consequently the doctrines deduced from these assumed facts are unsound. In the practice of the administration also, there have been things which we condemn. Removals from office have been made, for which we could see no adequate cause. Some too, have been placed in situations of trust and profit, whose avocations, character and qualifications do not render them, in our estimation, worthy of executive favor.

But shall we condemn and forsake an administration which sustains every principle we hold dear—which has stemmed the torrent of a most formidable opposition—despised the volleys of calumny which were poured upon it, and has done more to correct the abuses of government and to restore it to its republican practices than any administration since the days of Jefferson?—shall we forsake those men who have pursued our policy on those great questions, which have agitated this republic from its foundation, merely because they cannot divest themselves of the frailties of humanity?—then indeed would our conduct be marked with as much folly as that of the man who could turn his back upon the sublime temple of Diana, or the beautiful structure of the Parthenon, because he happened to discover a fracture in the wall, or a blot on the Parian column which supports the noble edifice.

Do we hear you say, fellow citizens, all these things we can forgive; they are trivial indeed, when brought into comparison with the great deeds performed by this administration; but this last act overturns at a single stroke, all the good that has been done—this last and crowning act of tyranny and usurpation, we cannot tolerate. We have sustained our chief magistrate through evil as well as good report; we have never forsaken him, because we believed him to be honest, and

ardently devoted to the common welfare. But we can sustain him no longer. His recent course shows too plainly, a disposition to usurp all the powers of the government, to unite purse and sword in the same hands, and to convert our republic into an elective monarchy. Such a forgetfulness of the trust reposed in him by a confiding people, such a thirst for absolute sway, such an eager grasp after power, we cannot away with; he must be abandoned to his fate. We beseech you, fellow-citizens, not to be too hasty in your decisions; pause before you decide as your deliberate opinion. Remember on how many trying occasions you have supported him, when these same clamors were raised. You supported him in his veto upon the Maysville road; you supported him in his nomination of Martin Van Buren, which was rejected in the Senate by a combination of these same opposing factions. You supported him in that hour of trial when he was compelled to issue his proclamation of warning against the same factions. You supported him in his rejection of the Bank bill, and of that profligate scheme which would squander the immense revenue arising from public lands, for the states to scramble after, and which would keep up the tariff in proportion to the amount of revenue thus squandered. On all those trying occasions, these same declarations you hear now were uttered then, by these same men, for precisely the same object. You have no heed for those false clamors, and you have found no cause for repentance. Will you desert your true friends now, in the eleventh hour, after having borne the heat and burden of the day, and be decaying into the ranks of the enemy by those arts which you have so often despised and rejected?

We pray you not to be deceived—this is the same cry of wolf, wolf, which you have so often scorned and derided. When you have become acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the question now before you for decision, you will find more cause than ever to adhere to the man, who has been true to your principles. But before you enter on that subject, allow us one short digression, to show that it has been the fate of those who sustain the laws, and are guided by political principles, to be hated by that multitude, (ever too great in all countries,) who dispense both law and principle. It has ever been the sad lot of the patriot, having done all to serve his country, to be misrepresented in his motives, abused and calumniated. We have given you a memorable example in the life of Cicero—read another in the fate of your own Washington. He was charged with violating the laws—robbing the treasury, and with the reasonable design of seeking to wear the glittering diadem, in place of that civic wreath, which was twined about his brow by the hands of a grateful country. From among many abusive and scurrilous pieces which appeared in that day, we have selected the following as the most decent and respectful, in order to show you that nothing, however bad it may be, has been said of your present Chief Magistrate, which cannot be matched with similar denunciations, uttered against the venerable name of Washington.

"To the President of the United States: NOVEMBER, 1795.

"Sir,—Few men are born great generals, and still fewer illustrious statesmen. The discipline of patient reflection and diligent observation, can alone give perspicuity to the judgment and vigor to the conduct. Pardon me, therefore, when I endeavor to mark the bounds of intellectual strength, which nature and education have assigned you. It may be auspicious to your future, however nugatory on your present conduct, for you to compare the opinions which others entertain of you, with your own partial predilections. You seem to have entered life with a mind unadorned by extraordinary features or uncommon capacity. Equal to the common duties of private life, it emitted none of those sparks of genius however irregular and inconstant, which mark the dawn of future eminence. Fortuitous circumstances yielded you in early life, a small measure of military eclat, which arose chiefly from the barren talents of your predecessor, in the Indian warfare. For some time after this, you reposed in unambitious ease, till the chances of a revolution called you to the supreme command of the American army. An insensate neutrality, had heretofore characterized your actions, and it was probably, because you were in principle, neither a Briton nor an American, a Whig nor a Tory, that you slid into this important station. He who held the ostensible post of honor, received the overflowing thanks of his country. The name of the commander-in-chief was known to all, while the names of many modest heroes were unknown, or soon forgotten. The heroes of the American army, would probably have entered the temple of fame, under any commander. Whatever doubts the judicious may have entertained of your military talents, which doubts will find their way to posterity, sustained by a cloud of proofs, they deemed this an improper time to give them publicity. Hence one voice called you, as General, virtuous and wise.

"Precedents were not wanting to convert the laurel into the olive, and hence the indistinct voice of indiscriminate panegyric buzzed the splendid talents of a new born statesman. The army was declared to be the best school for civic virtues, and it was foreseen

that the inspiration which achieved a revolution by the sword, could with equal facility frame a constitution and guide an empire!

"In the actions of our hero a new system of miracles began to develop themselves, and the military despot formed to command, sunk into the executive magistrate of a free republic, ready to obey. With the constitution in one hand, and the word of God in the other, he swore to defend the one as he regarded the other. He swore to defend a system of republican government which abhors the insidious machinery of royal imposture. The first fruits of this solemn declaration were the seclusion of a Monk, and the supercilious distance of a tyrant.

"Old habits were innovated upon, and he who had been more than others accustomed to indulge the manly walk and use the generous steed, is now never seen to practice either without exciting the remark of surprise. The concealing carriage drawn by supernumerary horses expresses the will of the President, and defines the loyal duty of the people. A reciprocity of intercourse is entirely annihilated. He consents to receive the visits of restraint, but wholly declines a return.

"In his presence, silence with regard to political concerns is exemplarily imposed, and dutifully complied with. The ear of the President is only open to ministerial communications, which may be considered as the echoes of his own thoughts. Tell me, ye who have gathered wisdom from the varied walk, who have studied man in all his varieties with enthusiastic research, had ye been the men you now are, if surrendering yourselves to the gloom of seclusion and the flattery of sycophants emanating from yourselves, you had disdained the information of the enlightened, and the society of the virtuous?

"When, sir, your country called you to honorable preferment, it was not because she thought you the wisest of her sons. She knew that nature had played the miser when she gave you birth; and that education had not been lavish in her favors. She considered, however, the moderation of your talents as the shield of your virtue—and confided to your diffidence what she would not have trusted to the claims of superior endowments. It was said that if the first magistrate possessed a sound judgment, without splendid talents, he would be less subject to the disease of ambition, than with splendid talents unchecked by a sound judgment—that in the first instance he would be the faithful organ of the public sentiment; whereas, in the last, he might give himself up to the immoderate lust of power.

"This view of human nature was but half true. Deeper research would have foreseen the result of experience, and have convinced us that the nominal depository of power, however dull his own apprehension, is sure to be surrounded by beings alive to the high prerogatives of unlimited authority. It would have been foreseen that a wicked mind delights in national misfortunes; that a weak mind yields to the wicked suggestions of others; that virtue, to be successful on the political scene, must be inseparable from sense."

These are the denunciations made against the illustrious Washington, at the time he was discharging the duties of his high trust with honesty and fidelity; but now when all the men of that generation have been gathered unto their fathers, and posterity pronounced upon their actions, Washington is hailed by one shout of acclamation as the father of his country—the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen. Yet how precisely does this letter embrace every charge brought against your present chief magistrate—but much more decent and respectful. Let us paraphrase it for the benefit of our modern calumniators, hoping they will profit by the examples of their predecessors. In this paraphrase every significant word shall be taken from the letter itself. The small measure of military eclat which is yielded to him, was obtained by fortuitous circumstances; and mankind have heaped on his head, as commander in chief, the accumulated honors due to an army of heroes.

The army was declared by his friends, to be the best school for civic virtues; he who could achieve a revolution by the sword, was pronounced able to guide an empire; and our hero, the military despot formed to command, sunk into the executive magistrate of a free republic. But while executing the laws under the constitution he had sworn to defend, he practiced the insidious machinery of royal imposture, the seclusion of a monk and the supercilious distance of a tyrant. His ear was open only to ministerial communications; and while surrendering himself to the gloom of seclusion and the flattery of sycophants, emanating from himself, he disdained the information of the enlightened, and the society of the virtuous. When his country called him to honorable preferment, she knew that nature had played the miser when she gave him birth, and that education had not been lavish of her favors; but she expected that in this lack of splendid talents, he would be freed from the disease of ambition, and that he would be the faithful organ of the public sentiment; but sad experience has convinced her that he is but the nominal depository of power; that though dull in comprehension, he is surrounded by beings alive to the high prerogatives of unlimited authority. We ought to have foreseen that a

wicked mind delights in national misfortunes, and that a weak mind yields to the wicked suggestions of others.

Can the most degraded scribbler who writes for his daily bread, indite from his poisoned and envious brain, a single thought, a single opprobrious epithet which is not here uttered against the name of Washington? The specimen presented, is written in elegant, chaste and comprehensive language; while your modern correspondents and epistle writers by trade, deal in a vulgar and billingsgate slang; which for the sake of morality and for the pure classic taste of the country ought to be discontinued. We hope they will profit by the example. Let it be a warning to you, fellow citizens, that all which glitters is not gold. Let this example put you on your guard, make you pause and examine facts, before you denounce as tyrant and usurper, the man of your choice; the man who does not hesitate to sacrifice on the altar of the public good, his own good name and the unfaded laurels which he had dearly bought with blood and toil on the field of glory.

Avarice, revenge, malice, pride, and ambition, are gathering together their forces, to pull down the present administration. If you desert it now, you will betray the best interests of your country; you will commit an act of treason, for which you will deserve the bitter curses of your children. Look around and ask what you can gain by desertion? Take any one of the hostile band, plant him on the ruins of the present administration, and will he not rivet on you forever, those fetters of oppression you have been striving to cast off for the last ten years? Will he not make you and your children slaves forever, to an unknown aristocracy, whose designs are as secret as the council of ten, and whose souls are as remorseless as the holy inquisition? Lay aside every trivial consideration—forget the errors and imperfections of the administration, which are as dust upon the balance, and rally round it as your last and forlorn hope. Awake and come forth! Action—action must now be your watchword! Let no consideration keep you back—come forward and put down manfully all corrupting institutions, base combinations, and ambitious demagogues. Let old Virginia be once more herself—let her rouse herself, put on her invincible armor, and redeem her former glory.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 8, 1834.

LEGISLATION. We received with the last Argus, an extra sheet containing the laws passed during the last Session of the Legislature. They cannot all be contained on an extra sheet of the size of this paper, occupying more than twice the space of the laws of the last session.

Some of the objects of legislation contained in them, we consider of doubtful expediency, but perhaps none of them can be termed positively bad unless it be the militia law, and on this subject there exists so much difference of opinion that this Act may, in the estimation of some, contain the perfection of wisdom. We doubt, however, whether the soldiers receive it with much gratitude, whatever may be the feelings of the officers. The amendment relating to the interest of money, we regard as one which will be highly beneficial to all classes of the community and more especially to the honest borrowers. Whatever credit may be due to the Legislature for good intentions in the object, we cannot commend them much for the manner in which they have been carried into effect. There has always been much complaint among the people as to the obscurity of the laws, and we believe that little light has been thrown upon that obscurity by the acts of this winter. They are mostly supplementary, amendatory, or repealing acts, and usually conclude with a provision repealing all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the act in question. How far former acts or what parts of them are legally inconsistent with the new ones, is a matter that will not be exactly clear to the wisest members of the legal profession, and must be utterly incomprehensible to the people at large. Unless we are greatly mistaken the legislation of this year will furnish many cases requiring the interposition of the Supreme Court to settle with certainty. We are aware of the difficulties attending this subject, but from the cursory glance we have given that the usual caution has not been had in avoiding them. But perhaps they had in view the past practice which has been to repeal or amend most of the laws every year, and thought it was not worth while to be very particular in drafting a law which would be so soon repealed or amended.

The panic makers were as calm as a summer morning while there was a prospect of distressing the community, so as to force the people into their measures. They announced with unconcealed pleasure and exultation the sufferings of individuals or the community at large, while they thought their experiment was in successful operation. But now, when the eyes of the people are opened to their schemes, and their

virtue and intelligence are awakened to counteract the designs of an ambitious aristocracy, who, possessing wealth, think the people are but their slaves, and may be forced into any measures, these purse proud tyrants are becoming quite furious. They cannot find language sufficiently harsh in which to vent their rage. Their loss of temper evidently shows that they despair of success in their plans. Their anger rises in proportion as the distress caused by their measures, subsides. They are most violent when least successful.

The opposition reproach the people with their devotion to a man, and call them his subjects.—This shows the estimation in which they hold the intelligence and patriotism of the people.—They undoubtedly respect Jackson as the champion of their rights, and their faithful servant in the discharge of the high duties entrusted to him. But let him combine with the aristocracy for the oppression of the people who elected him to office—let him forget that he is but the servant of the people, and unite himself to the principles and measures of the opposition, he would soon be placed in a state of "retiracy." Past experience has taught men in power that they can retain the confidence and support of the people no longer than they continue to deserve it. Ruthless and profligate politicians like Henry Clay and his followers, may prate about manorship, but they never need fear that intelligent and honest men will worship him, at least until he acquires a new stock of consistency and political integrity. The people will support the President so long as he maintains their rights, and no longer.

From the Boston Statesman.

Washington March, 20, 1834.—We have been visited for three successive days with "most outrageous, extensive," and "distressing" delugations of dust! Is it the sacred ashes of our forefathers—O, my eyes!—which, bursting their scarments, have invested the capitol, and besieged the Executive mansion, to avenge the deliberations of Congress, and remonstrate with the President, and protest against the removal of the deposits?

Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder?

The "Cold-Water Society" must be called on ineffectually for relief. We are not able even to open our eyes on our distressing condition; we cannot endure this state of things much longer—unless the deposits, removed from the ocean, are restored "right quick" to the earth. I don't stop to argue the case; I only give my opinion.

Mr. Pinckney made a nullification speech in the House to-day; and his colleague, Mr. Blair answered him in just as many words as Cmsar reported his victory over Phornaces—"Tis a lie!" This is allowed to be the shortest speech ever delivered in Congress—and the most pointed. I did not hear it myself; it was reported to me. A valued friend of mine, a member of the House, promised last evening that he would dispatch a courier to me in the Senate to-day, if Mr. Blair should take the floor. When he rose, my friend summoned his herald; but the speaker had concluded his speech, before the herald could possibly leave the hall.

Mr. Wright made a short, but splendid and unanswerable argument, against Mr. Webster's Bank project; and answered many insinuations and charges that had been made against the "Safety Fund System" in New York. He replied to some observations made by Mr. Leigh against the administration, for loaning the deposits to the State Banks without interest, and borrowing money for the Post Office Department, and paying interest. He reminded Mr. Leigh, that the U. S. Bank had never paid any interest for the deposits, and that the Government had no right to loan their money on interest; that though there might be money in the Treasury, not a dollar could be taken from it for the Post Office, or any other department, without an appropriation by law.

Mr. Wright is one of the most cautious, exact, clear, and conclusive debaters in the Senate. His courteous manner, and respectful language, cannot but secure the esteem of even his antagonists. He never shows the slightest asperity; never utters a taunt, nor answers one; and never for a single instance loses his equanimity. He is the most remarkable speaker, in these respects, I ever heard. Yet with all this equanimity, there is an earnestness, and sincerity, and tone of candor in his voice, that fix the attention, and suffers inot for a moment to be lost or diverted. In saying this of him, I do not detract from the merited praise I have bestowed on the other distinguished members of the administration party. There are scarcely any two alike, in their attributes or manner; and none that could well take the place of another. In one respect, Mr. Wright resembles Judge Grundy—in his habitual candor and sincerity. But for keeping cool, the whole administration are alike; and this is an advantage that the opposition, with all their boasted talents, are never likely to attain; they seem to draw the inspiration of all their arguments and oratory from Phlegathon; and one would suppose they suffered all the pangs of the damned, to witness the writhings of their elocution.

Even Mr. Webster to-day confessed he was sometimes betrayed into "warmth" of expression! Indeed! Will he think of taking out a patent for the discovery? I guess it was

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made a short time, at least, before his confes-
sion. "Warmth!" why, his eloquence is the
hot springs of Hecla; but his patriotism, judg-
ing from the part he took with the country dur-
ing the last war, the ice that surrounds them!
He made a sarcastic and laughable reply to
some of Mr. Wright's arguments to-day, that
reminded one of Nero's fiddling while Rome
was burning. But it is his way; if he cannot
answer his antagonist's arguments, he can ridi-
cule them. The ridicule might have been very
well in another place, and on another occa-
sion—but was ill suited to the gravity of this
subject, and the dignity of such a place. How-
ever, his lack of argument furnishes an apology;
as he could not untie the Gordian knot of Mr.
Wright's argument, like Alexander, he cut it—
with ridicule!

Judge Leigh delivered his first speech again,
for the fourth or fifth time,—his Kaleidoscope
speech. Though it has only a certain number
of peices of broken glass, of various colors, yet
every turn presents some new combination.—
It consists of charging the administration with
every offence in the catalogue of constitutional
violations; but acquitting it of any bad motive.
It is quite laughable to hear him charge the
President with one offence after another in the
gravest manner, and concluding the chorus at
every charge with—"God forbid that I should
impute to him any bad motive."

Enough of this. Let us turn to Boston—to
old Faneuil Hall—the Cradle of Liberty. Is
it true, you rocked the cradle so hard at a late
Democratic christening, that some of the "dis-
tressed" were rocked out, top side down? We
have had a rumor here of such a rocking.—
The spirit of '76 must have attended the Cradle
on the occasion; but could you not push the
"distressed" bandings without putting them to
sleep so hard? They hissed—did they?—
like the snakes around the cradle of Hercules?
The serpents must mind how they coil around
the "Cradle of Liberty!"

I learnt last evening, but too late for the mail,
that the brother of Judge Bouldin, a firm friend
of the administration, was elected to fill his
place. This is quite a good index of public
sentiment, in Virginia, as the instructions of their
Legislature.

While so much agony is felt by our beard-
less patriots for the distress of our country, and
the violations of the constitution, it may afford
your readers—and I doubt not it will the Presi-
dent—some consolation to know there are
those, hoary in years, and exalted in virtues,
whose lives outspan the history of the American
Republic, who entertain different sentiments.
I need ask no apology for concluding my letter
with the sentiments of a venerable *Dandalo* of
New England, traced with a trembling hand at
eighty-five; and by an apostle of God and of
Liberty; one who is but waiting impatiently
on the verge of the grave to see this struggle
over, that he might say, "Lord lettest thou thy
servant depart in peace, according to thy word;
for mine eyes have beheld thy salvation."—
This aged divine and patriot has said of the
venerable chief—

"If he is beaten at all, he will beat himself
this time; and the Orleans affair, will but
serve for the shade, to set off the glory of his
last achievement; and his fame, like the sun,
will appear the most beautiful in its going
down."

REIS EFFENDI.

From the Boston Statesman.

Washington March 24, 1834. I regret to
say, it is impossible to give an analysis of Col.
Benton's unrivalled speech on Mr. Webster's
bill, in the narrow limits of a letter. No anal-
ysis can do it justice; and no encomium can
equal its merits. I will not, and cannot doubt,
you will give it to the public, through the *Morn-
ing Post*, entire. I consider it the most able,
and unquestionably the most important speech
that has been delivered in Congress this session.
His positions no man can refute; and I doubt
whether any one will undertake to answer them.
There is nothing, as you will perceive personal
or partisan in his speech; the subject of the
currency is taken up and discussed on the
broadest principles of political economy and
philosophy. Every man in America should read
it; and he will find more information embod-
ied in the narrow space of a few columns, than
he has ever before gleaned in twenty volumes.

I think Col. Benton has here discovered, or
rather demonstrated (for he disclaims the dis-
covery) the true Copernican system of curren-
cy; and when the people understand it, they
will reject with contempt and indignation the
Ptolemaic system of the aristocracy; that sys-
tem, which, if now overturned, will overturn
the government. But I will not enlarge on this
subject; it is now fairly before the public; and
the success of the administration, in its meas-
ures touching the Bank, I consider as placed
beyond the possibility of a doubt. Victory is
certain. It is doubtful whether any project
whatever for the renewal of the charter, or a
new charter with any modifications, can be
carried through the Senate; and as to the
House, you might as well think to pass a bill
on this subject through the centre of the earth, as
to pass it through the lower House.

The early part of the morning was occupied
by the Senate in a discussion about the York
(Penn.) proceedings, which caused so much
discussion last week, and which were finally re-
jected by the Senate, on the ground of being
couched in disrespectful language.

Mr. Webster appeared to be pretty sensitive
on the subject; and he and Mr. Clay, as well
as Calhoun, and some others of the same kin-
dred, were for having the Vice President take
the responsibility of presenting the document to
the Senate.

That you might better understand the sub-
ject, it may be necessary to state, that the docu-

ment, consisting of an Address to the people,
and Resolutions, was sent back by the direction
of the Vice President; and the "Resolutions"
only, were returned and presented to-day. As
the subject had once been before the Senate,
the Vice President now submitted the Resolu-
tions to the Senate to decide whether they
would receive them.

Mr. Preston, much to his credit, and more
to his candor and honor, differed with Clay,
Calhoun, Webster and Leigh on the subject,
and argued that the Vice President ought not
to be holden responsible for the sentiments con-
tained in the Resolutions; but that he had very
properly submitted them to the Senate to
pass their judgment upon. He approved and
commended the course of the chair; and shew
himself above the mean and malignant senti-
ments of his scurrilous partisans. Mr. Clay
made a speech; and shew himself, in his per-
sonal allusions to the Vice President, both a—
—and a—, I cannot use the term that desig-
nates him; it is too degrading to speak the
thing he is.

Can Mr. Clay hope to be President of the
United States, after deporting himself as he has
to the Vice President, and after the course he
has pursued against the President, during the
whole Session? We read, "he that humbly
himself shall be exalted;" but where do we
read, he that *degraded* himself shall be hon-
ored? Mr. Clay's language and deportment
towards the Vice President during the Session,
would disgrace any Kentucky raftsman on the
Mississippi; and yet doubtless he thinks it a
"safe precedent," that will insure him the spo-
ntaneous suffrages of a free people for the high-
est honor in their gift. I fear he will be dis-
appointed; unless he finds a majority of the
people of this country, blackguards, determin-
ed to elect one of their own class, to support,
not their dignity, but their privileges!

Judge White had the floor to-day on Mr.
Webster's Bill; and commenced a very able
speech, which he will conclude to-morrow.—
He resembles Mr. Grundy and Mr. Wright in
the perfect fairness and candor with which he
treats his antagonists. He was altogether ag-
ainst the renewal of the charter for a moment;
and against any National Bank, as unconstitu-
tional. No man should refuse to read Judge
White's speech; if it were only for the purpose
of seeing how possible it was for a partisan, to
be above party feeling.

REIS EFFENDI,

From the Argus.

It is out of our power to lay before our read-
ers in their entirety, the many able and conclu-
sive speeches which have been delivered, and
are being delivered in each Branch of Con-
gress, explanatory, and in support of the policy
and measures of the National Administration.
Our readers, too, would not perhaps find time
to read them in detail in season to keep up with
the progress of the subject in Congress, if thus
spread before them. We propose, therefore,
to select such parts of them as are condensed
and more immediately directed to the leading
points of debate. For the convenience of our
readers, we shall also place at the head of our
selections such captions as will indicate the
point to which their attention is thus particu-
larly called. We begin with the speech of Mr.
WRIGHT, of New York, delivered in the U. S.
Senate on the 20th of March, upon Mr. Web-
ster's bill for a renewal of the National Bank
Charter for the term of six years.

1st. AS TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL
AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS TO
CHARTER A NATIONAL
BANK.

Mr. WRIGHT said—
He must be permitted to congratulate him-
self that the Senate had now reached what he
had, from the commencement of the session,
considered the true question before Congress
and the country; the question of "Bank or no
Bank;" the question whether the present Bank
of the United States should be rechartered for
any period or time, or whether any National
Bank should be created by the authority of Con-
gress, after the expiration of the charter of the
present bank. These questions, he considered
must be involved in the present discussion;—
and he must be permitted farther to congratu-
late himself that, as to the constitutional power
of Congress to pass the bill now under consid-
eration, or any bill to charter a bank similar to
that now existing, the opinions of the honorable
Senator from Virginia, (Mr. Leigh,) and his
own perfectly coincided. The honorable Sen-
ator did not believe, nor did he himself, that
Congress possessed any such power, and there-
fore, so far as their action was concerned, no
such bank could exist after the year 1836,
when the charter of the present bank will ex-
pire by its own limitation.

Mr. W. said he would not attempt to repeat
the arguments which the honorable Senator
had so happily used, in his clear and strong
manner, to establish the correctness of their op-
inions. Any attempt by him to do so might
weaken what had been so well and concisely
said by the Senator, but he would detain the
Senate to add one view of this subject, which
had not been taken by the honorable Senator,
and which had struck his mind with great force.
Upon all former occasions, when the power of
Congress to charter a bank had been under
discussion, reference had been made to that
clause of the constitution which reads in the
following words:

"The Congress shall have power to make

all laws which shall be necessary and proper
for carrying into execution the foregoing pow-
ers, and all other powers vested by this consti-
tution in the government of the United States,
or in any department or office thereof."

All, Mr. W. said, as he understood, had for-
merly argued that this necessity must be shown
before the power could be inferred, and he had
also understood that all had been admitted that
this constitutional necessity must be a necessity
growing out of the wants of the Government,
and not out of the wants of business; that it
must be a necessity arising from the collection,
distribution, and disbursements of the public
revenues, not out of the wants of the commer-
cial interests, the mercantile interest, the man-
ufacturing interests, or any other branch of
labor and enterprise; that it must be a necessity
growing out of the wants of the public treasury
and the administration of the finances of the
country, and not out of the wants of the in-
dividual citizens. What, Mr. President, said W.
have we heard urged as constituting this neces-
sity, in the whole course of this debate, in all
the various shapes and forms in which it has
been carried on in this body for now about four
months? The wants of ordinary business, the
demand for capital, the regulation of exchanges,
the importance of a uniform paper currency—
not the wants of the treasury. These last, sir,
have not been mentioned in the comparison,
while the former are made the indisputable evi-
dence that a bank is necessary. Sir, said Mr.
W., the wants of the Treasury, and the wants
of the Treasury alone, can constitute this con-
stitutional necessity. The wants of business
cannot be the legitimate subjects of considera-
tion for those who seek to derive the power to
charter a bank from this provision of the Con-
stitution. He said he was one of those who
did not believe that any power, whatever, was
granted to Congress by this provision much less
the power to charter a bank; but he must be-
lieve that those, who did imply such a power
from it, would, at least, admit the necessity
must be such an one as the Constitution con-
templated, and that the Constitution could not
have contemplated any other than a necessity
connected with the collection, distribution, and
disbursement of the revenues of the Govern-
ment, not the ordinary necessities of trade and
exchange. These last were the wants which
gentlemen feared the State Banks could not
supply, though they were willing to engage to
and distribute the public moneys upon the same
terms that the United States Bank had done it.
He begged the Senate to look at this view of
the case before they permitted a necessity im-
aginary or real, unknown to the Constitution to
influence their action.

We think the foregoing argument perfectly
conclusive—irrefutable. The same Senator pro-
ceeds to show that—
NO CAUSE FOR ALARM EXISTS, as there has been
no usurpation of power by the Executive.
"The honorable Senator inquires, (said Mr.
W.) in his impressive manner, if the present
disposition of the public deposits with the State
Banks, is to be continued? Sir, said Mr. W.
I will avail myself of a privilege belonging to
my countrymen, the Yankees, and answer the
gentleman by asking him a question. What
disposition will he propose to make of these de-
posits? What plan will he recommend for
their future disposition? We agree that the
charter of the Bank of the United States is un-
constitutional, and it cannot therefore be ex-
tended beyond its present limit. I say that, in
the absence of such an institution, the State
Banks present to the Government the best and
most convenient fiscal agents of which the na-
ture of the case is susceptible. I have said
upon a former occasion, and I repeat, that I
think them perfectly safe agents. I have said,
and I repeat, that I think them perfectly com-
petent to discharge all the duties required by
the Government in the collection and disburse-
ment of public revenues; fully competent to
answer every constitutional necessity of the
Treasury. I now say further, that I am not
alarmed at the power which is placed by law in
the hands of the President and the Secretary
of the Treasury, over these deposits. It is
the same power which was placed by Congress
in the hands of the first President and first Sec-
retary of the Treasury, at the formation of the
Government under the constitution; it is the
same power which existed in the hands of those
officers from 1789 up to the year 1816 when
the charter of the present Bank was granted.
During all that period, the liberties of the coun-
try were not endangered by it; the people were
not then taught to believe that the exercise of
that power was usurpation or tyranny, nor
were we told that the purse and the sword of
the country were united in one hand. Sir, said
Mr. W., these laws have undergone no material
alteration from the time of the first Congress to
the present day, except the alteration made by
the provisions of the present Bank charter, and
these alterations cease to be applicable when
the deposits cease to be made with that insti-
tution. Where then is the ground for all this al-
arm, all this apprehension for our liberties?—
Still the honorable Senator expresses, no doubt
most sincerely, the greatest apprehension.—
Will he not then tell us what is to be done?—
Will he not propose what, in his judgment, shall
avert the dangers he fears? Sir, I wish to be
distinctly understood upon this point. I do not
contend that these laws may not be beneficially
attended, but I merely say that they are just
what they have been from the organization of
the Government, with the single exception I
have before mentioned, contained in the Bank
charter. If they are bad alter and amend them.
If the powers over the public deposits, confer-

red upon the Executive Department, are too
broad, limit and confine them. No one doubts
or questions the power of Congress over the
whole matter; no one resists the action of Con-
gress upon it. Surely, then, it does not become
us to find fault with the executive officers of
the Government for executing the laws as they
are, while we do nothing to modify the law,
and make it what we could wish it to be. Our
duty, as legislators, is not to point out the de-
fects, in the law merely, but to apply the prop-
er remedies for those defects; to examine the
laws as they are, that we may make them what
they ought to be; not to spend our time in de-
ploring those defects for which we offer no rem-
edy.

A new Post Office has been established
in the town of Brownfield, Oxford county, call-
ed *Brownfield Centre P. O.* and JAMES STEELE
Esq. appointed Postmaster.

All letters and papers designed for the West
part, or the Centre of said town, should be di-
rected to the above named office.

Mr. Editor: As the 14 No. of your paper
lay before me, casting my eye on the first page,
head of the fifth column I saw a piece headed
"Hints to Temperance Societies." I read it
with grateful feelings towards the author, and
am authorized to say, we sincerely thank him
for his friendly admonition; but it came too
late, we had long since tried the experiment
on drunkards, (viz. no restraint,) with the sup-
position that it might either kill or cure.—We
have taken but little notice of the fair sex in
this case, as they have not been so much in-
festing with this plague, as by it: but among the
other sex we have full often witnessed the for-
mer effect. In the first instance, we said, he
is gone, and there is one less; but alack, to our
great annoyance, ten came to bury him.

COMM.

DIED.

In Norway Feb. 15th, Polly, wife of Mr.
William Frost, aged 40 years. She has left a
disconsolate husband, a large family of children,
and an extensive circle of relatives to mourn
their irreparable loss. In memory of the de-
ceased, we may justly say that the husband has
lost a devoted and affectionate wife, the child-
ren, one of the best of mothers, and the neigh-
borhood, one of the brightest ornaments in soci-
ety. But with sympathy to relate, she has
left two babes only twelve days old, to be reared
and nourished under the hand of a widowed
father, and one pair of twins three years old.
But in case of the deceased, those that are left
to mourn, have reason to rejoice in the confi-
dential assurance that what is their loss is her
infinite gain.

O weeping friends remember me,
I am bereaved, as you may see;
My bleeding heart is sore with grief,
And none but God can give relief.
If any feel my anxious care,
Please help me by your earnest prayer,
The only pledge I have to give,
Is life to spend, to God to live.

COMM.

Notice!

HEREBY relinquish to my son JOHN FOX
his time, he being nineteen years of age, to
act and trade for himself, and I shall not pay
any debts of his contracting, nor claim any of
his earnings after this date.
Attest, BENJAH FOX. JOHN FOX.
Rumford, March 1, 1834. 3w34

NOTICE.—
GEORGE W. STEVENS is free to transact busi-
ness for himself, as he has purchased his time. All
business transacted by him, shall be lawful after this
date.
JOSEPH STEVENS.
Bachelor's Grant, March 27, 1834. 3w34

Notice!
THE subscriber, having given bonds for the main-
tenance of Joseph Robbins and wife, Paupers of the
town of Turner, hereby forbid all persons harboring or
turning them, as he has made suitable provisions for
their support.
SAMUEL HARLOW.
Turner, April, 1, 1834. 3w34

NOTICE.
DR. JOB HOLMES has left his notes for
collection at the office of S. EMERY,
where they may be settled without cost to the
promissors, prior to the first day of May.
Paris, April 7, 1834.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Andover.
NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident owners
of land and premises in the town of Andover, Coun-
ty of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed
in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned,
Collector of said Andover for the year 1833 in their res-
pective sums following, to wit:

Name of non-resident	No. of Lots	Value of Lots	Value of Taxes	Total Value	Total Tax
Enion and	3	100 30			
Lo. Bosquet	12	300 30			
Do.	11	300 30	150	1,35	
Do.	11	300 30			
Do.	8	200 30			
Moody Bridges, one		100 10	10	14	
Common Share		100 50	80	1,24	
Stephen Webster	20	100 30	30	23	
Unknown	5	100 30	30	23	
Do.	6	100 30	30	23	
Do.	7	100 30	30	23	
Do.	3	100 30	30	23	
Do.	4	100 30	30	23	
Do.	3	100 30	30	23	

Unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are paid to
me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday the twelfth
day of July next, at ten o'clock A. M., so much of said
property as will discharge the same, will then be sold at
public auction at the Store of James F. Bragg, Jr. in said
Andover.
ABEL CHAPMAN, Jr. Collector. 3m34

LETTERS remaining in the Post Office
at Paris, Me. April, 1, 1834.

B. L.
James Longley 3,
M.
David Marshall,
Stephen M. Marble,
P.
Prentiss Paine,
Elias Partridge,
William Pillsbury,
Joseph Penley,
Hezekiah Pike,
Edward P. Prince 2,
Thomas Prince,
R.
Benjamin T. Royal,
S.
Amanda Simmons,
Isaac H. Simmons,
Alva Shirliff,
George W. Smith,
Samuel T. Smith,
Sarah Sturtevant,
T.
Isaac A. Thayer,
W.
Clarendon Walker,
Benjamin Washburn,
Isaac Washburn,
Josiah Weeks.
JOSEPH G. COLE, P. M.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:
TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auc-
tion at the Store of Ezra T. Russell of Bethel in
said County on Saturday the 10th day of May next, at
two of the clock in the afternoon all the right which
Moses Bisbee of said Bethel, Blacksmith, has to redeem
the right in equity of redemption resulting from a mort-
gage given by the said Bisbee to the said Russell of the
lot of land numbered thirteen in the eighth sheet of lots
in said Bethel.
AARON CROSS, Deputy Sheriff. 3w34
Bethel, March 20, 1834.

For Sale,
ONE yoke of good OXEN, six years old
this Spring.
Enquire of
GEORGE KING.
South-Paris, April 7, 1834. 3w34

NOTICE.
DOCT. JOB HOLMES has left his unsettled
Accounts in the Office of the Subscriber, with
whom they may be adjusted at any time pre-
vious to the first of April next, without cost.
T. J. CARTER.
Paris, Feb. 10th 1834.

For Sale,
ONE Single CARDING MACHINE, made
by the subscriber and warranted equal to any in
use.
Terms liberal with good security.
Also:—To let a SHOP with WATER POWER suffi-
cient to carry a Carding Machine, or to answer the
purpose of a Machinist, Wheel Wright, Cabinet Maker,
or other such machinery. Enquire of
ZEBEDEE PERRY.
Norway, March 12, 1834. 3w32

Apprentice Wanted.
A young man from 14 to 17 years of age as an Ap-
prentice to the Gun Smith business is wanted im-
mediately; one that can come well recommended, and
is willing to be a boy till twenty-one, will meet with
good encouragement; none other need apply.
JOTHAM GOODNOW.
Norway, March 20, 1834. 3w32

Wrapping Paper.
SMITH & BENNETT have received on consign-
ment a lot of good wrapping paper at 62 1-2 cts. per
can.
Norway-Village, March, 1834. 3w32

MISS E. HAMLIN'S SCHOOL for
MISSES, will re-commence on the twenty-eighth
of April.
Paris, March 31, 1834. 3w33.

At Private
Sale!!
THE subscriber will Wholesale his present Stock of
TRUSS, CAPS, BOOTS AND
SHOES, at FIRST COST, or Retail them at a
SMALL PROFIT, for a few days. An opportunity is now
offered for GOOD BARGAINS, for CASH only.
If Debtors are requested to make payment as fast as
possible.
ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris, March 25, 1834. 3w32

To the Admirers of
Fashionable Dress.

R. S. COOLEY would respectfully in-
form the inhabitants of Paris and vi-
cinity, that he has commenced the TAILOR-
ING BUSINESS, and intends carrying it on
in all its branches. He flatters himself that
after the encouragement he has received in
Boston and other places, that he shall be able
to give satisfaction to his employers.
FASHIONS received in their season from
New-York.
Particular attention paid to CUTTING.
Paris-Hill, March 27, 1834. 3w33

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connexion in busi-
ness under the firm of SMITH & BENNETT, and have
taken the Store near the Mills, formerly occupied by J.
B. Smith, where they have for sale on the most reasona-
ble terms for cash, country produce, or credit, a good as-
ortment of W. I. Goods and Groceries, English and
American Goods, Hardware, Crockery and Glassware,
School Books and Stationery, Paints, Medicines, &c. &c.
making in all a very extensive variety of seasonable goods.
Former customers of the subscribers are respectfully in-
vited to call.
JONATHAN B. SMITH,
ANTHONY BENNETT.
Norway Village, Nov. 16, 1833.

SMITH & BENNETT will carry on the Potash here-
before improved by A. Bennett, and wish to receive as-
sins in exchange for Goods at their cash prices.
Norway-Village, Nov. 22, 1833. 3w33

HIGHWAY SURVEYOR'S BLANKS for
Sale by
ISAAC HARLOW.

MY MOTHER.
If there is a being on earth that deserves my respect, my esteem, my warmest love, it is my Mother. I reflect with the highest degree of satisfaction on my past life; I feel conscious that I have been guilty of no neglect of duty, of inattention or unkindness towards her who first gave me birth, and then, with the tenderest and most watchful care, guarded and guided me safely through the alluring paths and labyrinths of youthful life. A mother's whole soul is turned to the welfare of her children. For them she passes many a sleepless night, awaiting their return from their various pastimes and recreations, or watching over them while languishing in sickness; for them she rises at the dawn and endures the fatigues of the day, without a murmur; for them she often is elated with the most joyful sensations, and anon, for them she sinks in sorrow and gloomy care!—For them she only seems to live and move, and, with a most unobtrusive grasp, to hold and hang upon life's slender thread, and for them she is ready to depart and be no more on earth.

When I look upon my affectionate mother, now advanced in life, I seem to wish that we might be specially favored of Heaven, and placed back in life about 30 years, that I might have an opportunity of doing her more positive good; that I might tender to her, services of more essential benefit, and different from what she now may require, although, as I before said, I have no scruples of conscience about the former observance of my filial duties. But stay! are there now no opportunities to serve one to whom I owe every thing of kindness and tender regard? If she express a wish, shall I hesitate to gratify her, thinking it to be the "effect of humor or old age?" It is a "delightful task to rear the tender thought," to conduct the youth from infancy up to manhood. And is there no pleasure in extending a helping hand to aid and succor those who are passing down the declivity of life? Yes, my mother, it shall ever be the highest satisfaction of him, whose safety thou hast labored and toiled, and whose growth and improvement thou hast watched with the warmest interest and affection, to look to thee in nature's decline; to anticipate each want and wish; to strew flowers in the rugged pathway; to bring thee comfort, joy and peace, that thy decline of life may afford thee, so far as possible on earth, a happy and cheering foretaste of Heaven.

From the Pearl.
HISTORICAL NOVELS.
"What book are you reading so attentively?" asked a friend.
"Mary of Burgundy, a novel, written—"
"What a novel!" was the emphatic exclamation which interrupted my reply; to which succeeded a long tirade against the tedious and ruinous practice of novel reading.
So goes a great portion of the world. A novel! there is something truly terrific in the sound of that word to many ears. And there is, doubtless, some reason for this. Many a work of this kind has been published, which might have induced the too prevalent opinion that the reading of all such books ought to be discontinued. But when the possessor of a candid and unbiased mind rises from the perusal of an interesting and instructive historical romance, the following reflections are naturally suggested.
Surely most of the popular denunciations against novel reading are, by far, too sweeping. Historical novels ought certainly to be sheltered from the merciless anathemas which are so often and unceremoniously heaped upon all novels indiscriminately. And why? One or two important reasons are the following.
They not only contain in themselves a great amount of historical information, but, what is of far greater importance, they tend to create an impression that the study of history is not so dry and uninteresting as it is too often represented and believed to be; and thus stimulate to an attentive prosecution of a branch of knowledge, than which there is none of greater importance. Besides, it is no small argument in their favor, that their perusal affords a rational amusement, and profitable relaxation of the mind.
Small indeed, is the number of those who, in early life, ever attempted a regular course of historical reading; and smaller still the number of those who complete such a course. There is something formidable to the young mind in the appearance of a long and critical historical treatise. In no way can this difficulty be more easily and effectually obviated than by the aid of historical novels.

It is for the benefit of a majority of mankind that they should journey to a certain place, and if many of this number decline the undertaking, simply because the roughness of the road; why, let the road be macadamized, and let the projector and finisher of the undertaking receive his just reward.
MICHAEL BRUCE.
In a brief but affecting biography perused by his poems, Lord Craig has given the only information of which we are possessed relative to Michael Bruce; he was the son of a humble and pious Scottish cottager, who restricted his own limited expenditures to give him a free education, and was rewarded by the high expectations which his youth excited. But these were all rendered vain by that deadly foe to human life, consumption. In his twenty-first year, the scholar and the poet was hurried away from all his pictured scenes of happiness and fame, and his broken hearted mother left to bewail her irretrievable loss. Most of his poetry was composed while he suffered under the influence of disease, and while he moved, like a shadow, a-


mong the woods, and held eloquent communion with nature, or, with a flushed cheek, talked of earthly bliss to his love, who well knew that he was journeying to a happier world. It is soft, and kind, and gentle, as his own heart—gentle as the lapse of the summer rivulet—bright as the moonbeam that shone upon his wonderings—and melancholy as the poor girl who mournfully listened to his tale of hope. He never speaks of fame, but his whole spirit glows with that fire which lights the altar of immortality. With him life had no cares, no agitations, no remorse; and he avoided all anxious thoughts, by sending forth his spirit to admire the works of God, and resigning himself wholly to his will. The genius of Michael Bruce and that of the young German poet Korner were remarkably in contrast. Unlike the gallant hero of the sword and lyre, his spirit shrank from war and peril, and his enjoyed pleasure as exquisite on his still and lonely bed of lingering death, as thrilled the soul of Korner, when it parted from the battle field to seek its everlasting abode. In the one, all was mildness and simplicity, in the other patriotism and sublimity. Even was fitted for his station: Bruce to console and comfort his weeping mother, from whom he was soon to part; Korner to claim administration, and to perpetuate an exalted fame. With calm philosophy, or rather Christian resignation, Bruce wanders and moralizes among the woods and waters of Lochleven; with marvellous gallantry, Korner wakes his countrymen to avenge their rights by the trumpet notes of his "Wild Hunting of Lützow." In his parting elegy, Bruce bids a tender, pathetic, and holy farewell to all he loves on earth, and sinks to his final rest, mourned, but not lamented; Korner lies wounded on the cold ground at Asperne, and pours forth his last hymn to the God of battles, with the same sublimity of genius which had marked his brief but bright career. They both fell in their youth, they were both devout Christians. The path of the German hero blazed with grander light, but the mild radiance of the Scottish poet comes over the heart like a dream of beauty.—N. A. Magazine.

CHRISTIAN DIRECTORY.
Give to the service of God your youthful days; few are eminently useful in the world, who are not ardently pious in early life. Shun the company that forget God. Spend every day as if it were the last. Take a portion of every day to think of eternity.
Through your whole life, be mindful of the business of life. Let not the world take that place in your affections which God should occupy. Always have the same opinion of it, which you will have when you come to die. Examine yourself daily. Guard against constitutional sins. Keep the body in subjection to the soul. Live in the constant exercise of repentance. In all cases employ Christ as your surety; in every difficulty go to him; and rely on him for salvation. As you expect to live with Christ in heaven, strive so to live with him here. Cleave fast to him, whatever it may cost you. Seek the approbation of God more than of men. Meditate much on the love of Christ; in dying for sinners. Delight in him, and speaking of him. Deny yourself; self-denial is a different thing from what many seem to imagine. Be not content till your thoughts ascend naturally to God—till it will cost more of an effort to fix them upon earthly things, than upon heavenly. Spend as much time as possible in secret prayer; there is nothing lost by praying. Make conscience of family religion. Begin and end every day with God. Whether you eat, drink, or whatever you do, do it all to the glory of God. Remember your sacramental vows. Live answerable to your many mercies. Be careful in every condition. Be active in enlarging Christ's kingdom in the world. See that your faith produces good; your prayers exertion; your benevolence action.—Consider heaven as your home; your self as on a journey; and the little treasure you may possess, as given to you to delay your expenses on your way, and to enable you to do something for those who enjoy not your mercies.

How richly delicious are the sounds of human voices when they come from those whom we love. With what attentiveness does the spirit spring to attend to their accents! How like the teachings of a god do the sentiments conveyed go down into the soul—like strains of fine music, fingering there like loved companions. I would give more for one hour of conversation than for a month, of what is commonly called, pleasure. [The Pearl.]

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
It is hereby notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Hiram, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills submitted for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Hiram for the year 1832, in the respective sums following, viz:
Name of Proprietors.
Number of each lot if known.
No. of Division if known.
No. of Acres.
Value.
School House Tax in said County and District No. 12 for 1832.
Total taxes due 1832.

James Osgood unknown 800 12 10 30 \$5.50
James Osgood do do 500 750 \$5.50
The said Collector will proceed according to law to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the Store of Butler & Hamlin in said Hiram, at twelve o'clock at noon on the fourth day of August next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.
PELEG WADSWORTH, Collector as aforesaid.
Dated at said Hiram, the 9th day of March, A. D. 1834.

Vermont Morgan.

FARMERS, and others who wish to improve their breed of Horses are hereby notified that the Celebrated MORGAN RATTLER which stood in Norway and its vicinity last Season will stand for the use of Mares the ensuing Season in the towns of Paris, Buckfield, Hebron, & Oxford. The Subscriber will be on the ground in good season with said Horse when he will put up the Bills showing the terms and stating at what places said Horse will stand.
The public may rest assured he is the best blooded horse in New England, except the celebrated Old Sherman and I will show sufficient evidence of it when I arrive there with said Horse.
ASAHEL NEWTON.
Lyndon, Pt. March 17, 1833. 11 33

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, in and for the County of Oxford, Maine.
The undersigned, inhabitants of said county respectively represent, that a county road has been laid out from Gorham in the County of Cumberland to the line of said county and mostly made through Standish, Baldwin and Sebago, a distance of about fifteen miles near what is called the Little Hancock Pond in the Town of Hiram. Your petitioners therefore pray that a new County Road may be laid out beginning at or near the town house in Denmark and run Southerly by Person Pingree's in said town of Denmark and through a corner of the town of Hiram in said county, until it meets the above named road at its termination on said line between said Counties of Cumberland and Oxford, it being a distance of about three miles.
PARSON PINGREE, and 22 others.

STATE OF MAINE.
Oxford, ss:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1833.
On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Samuel Gibson, Esq. in said Denmark on Wednesday the seventh day of May next at 9 o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Denmark and Hiram and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Denmark and Hiram, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served and posted at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Attest, R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.
A true copy of said petition and order thereon.
3w33
Attest, R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

Commissioner's Notice.
THE Subscribers hereby give Notice that they have been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioner to receive an estimate of the claims of the several creditors on the estate of SAMUEL HASKELL, of Waterford, in said County of Cooper, deceased, that six months are allowed from the fourth day of the present month for the creditors to bring in and prove their claims and that they will attend to the service assigned them on the last Saturday of May, June and July, next at the House of William Brown in said Waterford, at one of the clock in the afternoon on each of said days.
LEWIS JEWELL, } Commissioner.
GILLMAN COOLIDGE, }
Waterford, March 24, 1834. 3w33
BROAD CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
Black, Blue, Brown, Olive, Green and Mixt.
FLANNELS,
White, Yellow, Red and Green, of ALL QUALITIES.
FLAIDS & GABLETS,
of every description, cheap.
ROSE BLANKETS,
5-4, 9-4, 10-4, 12-4, of good quality.
RUSSIA DIAPERS,
1 bale of 60 pieces, at low prices, by yard or piece.
WANTED,
3000 yards domestic All Wool and Cotton & Wool Flannels. 500 yds. Full's Cloth. Also, white, black, red & blue Mixt, Woollen Yarns, for which fair prices will be given, in exchange for Goods.
W. D. LITTLE,
No. 1, Mitchell's Buildings.
Gnd
Sept 18, 1833.

GERMAN ELIXIR.
THE discovery of this inestimable ELIXIR was the result of ten years close study in order to discover the causes, symptoms, and cure for all those formidable diseases that prey upon the organs of the chest, namely: Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, and every species of oppression at the chest. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered, its astonishing efficacy over every other article heretofore offered to the public, for the same purpose, has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous, that consumption is NOT incurable, if properly attended to.
How does the German Elixir operate to cure the above complaints? It determines all morbid irritation and inflammation from the lungs towards the surface, and finally expels them from the system by perspiration or otherwise. It facilitates expectoration, and thus frees the patient from a load of tough phlegm, which cannot otherwise be eliminated from the system. It heats the ulcerated surface, and relieves the cough and breathing. It supports the strength, while at the same time it reduces the fever.
Several certificates of the efficacy of the Elixir might be given, but it would swell this advertisement to an unusual length, suffice it to say, that in every case where it has been used it has fully answered the expectations of the purchaser. The subscribers are the only agents for selling it in this country.
SMITH & BENNETT.
Norway Village, Dec. 27, 1833. 6ow3n20.

PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR New-York Monthly Magazine.
EDITED BY T. FLINT.
The same improvement which has guided the Publisher of the Knickerbocker in the past volumes, will still be adhered to in their future efforts to gratify the public. The Knickerbocker has already obtained a name and a success unequalled in the history of Periodical Literature, and though our numerous friends may have praised us perhaps too highly, we can only express our gratitude for their partiality, and our sincere determination not only to realize, but to exceed, as far as possible, the expectation of the public in the new volume.
Permanent arrangements have been made with Mr. FLINT, a gentleman whose literary reputation is well known in every part of the United States, particularly to the people of the West, as the Editor of the Western Monthly Review, as well as author of several standard works of American Literature, the publishers of the Knickerbocker now present to their friends and patrons as the Editor of this Magazine, the columns of which will be filled with the results of his pen, as well as regular contributions from other distinguished American Writers.
Paulding, Bryant, S. L. Knapp, Timothy Flint, James Hall, Canby, Neal, T. S. Fay, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, "The Artist, Views of Society at home and abroad," the author of "Sayings and Doings," the author of "Martin Giber," the author of the "Oracular Tales," the author of "The Comic Annual," the author of "Business to the people of the West," the author of "The Laval," the author of "The Outcast," the author of "Familiar Satires," the author of "Legends of the West," the author of "The N. Y. Gazetteer," and many other authors and writers are known to have contributed to the past volumes, and for the future we hope to present to our patrons an article or articles from each of the foregoing, as well as from the pens of
Hallock, Percival, Channing, Cooper, Francis Herbert, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Pierpont, Sprague, Willis G. Clark.
And from others whose occasional writings, although popular, have not hitherto been so favorably known to the public, yet whose talents deserve a place in such a work as the Knickerbocker. Add to this the mechanical department in its improved state, and the Knickerbocker will rise as a Foreign Magazine.
Devoted, as heretofore, to elaborate Reviews, or short impartial criticisms upon new works, spirited Tales, Essays, Notices of the Arts, Views of Society at home and abroad, Comments upon the Fashion and Temper of the times, Gleanings from the least accessible of Foreign Publications, and the earliest On Dits in Literary and Fashionable Circles, or to reflect Life and Literature as displayed in this Metropolis, shall be the principal objects of the KNICKERBOCKER OR NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Each number will contain eighty full size octavo pages, in large and brevier, which will admit of nearly double the amount of letter press heretofore given, and printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the Knickerbocker, upon a medium paper of high finish and fine quality; in short the greatest attention will be paid to its typographical and mechanical appearance, while several Engravings, in a new and novel style are in the hands of the Engraver, and will from time to time be given.
Terms of subscription, \$5 a year, or \$3 for six months. No letters or communications will be taken from the office (if by mail) unless paid.
All Communications to be addressed to the "Editor of the Knickerbocker."
Business Letters, or all orders for "The Knickerbocker," to be addressed to
PEABODY & CO., New-York.

The Novelist's Magazine.
THE anxiety to bring into activity the talent of the country induced the publishers of the NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE, to offer a premium of FIVE DOLLARS for the best Novel on a National Subject, for that publication. But by the Report of the committee, which is subjoined, the manuscripts submitted to their perusal are not of that character which would warrant the award of that premium. The time is therefore extended, as is also the amount, which it is to be hoped, will induce native talent to exertion.
The undersigned, a committee selected for that purpose, have examined a number of Manuscript Novels, offered as competitors for a premium proposed to be given by the publishers of the Novelist's Magazine, to the author of the best Novel, on a National Subject.
While the undersigned are of opinion that several of the Novels submitted to their inspection, possess considerable merit, they do not think that any of them in altogether such a description as would warrant them in awarding the Premium.
DAVID PAUL BROWN.
JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.
WAL. M. MEREDITH.
RICHARD PENN SMITH.
ROBERT EWING.
JOHN MUSGRAVE.
MORTON MEMICHAEL.
There is no country which, for the time of its civilized and political existence, offers so wide and untraveled a field for the enterprise of the Novelist as this—and it is, not alone the interest, but the duty of those who possess mind for the task, to occupy the field of competition, and thus probably establish their own reputation, and promote that of their country. Independent of the national inducement, the attention of the literary aspirant is directed to the following:—
In order to assist in advancing American Literature, and give the readers of the NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE a share in the advantage of meritorious talent, which the country possesses, the Publishers of that work, satisfied that the best way to promote talent is to reward it, offer a Premium of

\$750,
TO THE AUTHOR OF
THE BEST NOVEL.
Upon a National subject—to be presented on or before the first of April, 1834.
This Premium will be awarded by a chosen Committee; and the successful Work will be printed in handsome book-form, corresponding with the best London Edit of popular Novels, in order that the manner of its publication may correspond with the merit of the Author. The competitor for the Premium will understand that, in addition to the SEVEN HUNDRED and FIFTY DOLLARS, he will be entitled to FIFTY DOLLARS for every Thousand Copies of the Work which may be so, during the continuation of the copyright, or FIVE DOLLARS for every Hundred; which when completed is exercised on the Work, it is not unlikely to produce a fair remuneration.
The Manuscripts for competition must be delivered by the first of April, under an envelope, addressed to G. Alexander & Co., and accompanied by a sealed letter, communicating the Author's name, which shall remain unopened, except in the case of the successful competitor. To the others, the manuscripts and signatures will be returned, by calling according to the address.
The new and very popular Novel, entitled "Village Belle," is now in course of publication for the Novelist's Magazine, and will be issued in the next Number of that Work. It is a production of more than ordinary excellence, and will be read with much interest and anxiety. It may also be proper to say that Subscribers to the Novelist's Magazine will, in the course of the Work, obtain a uniform edition of the Writings of Mr. James H. McKim, a well known and popular author, who has been the acknowledged inheritor of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, and also of the works of the leading literary characters of the day, among whom are Bulwer, Bannin, &c. &c. Subscribers to the Novelist's Magazine, are requested to give the above a few insertions, and in future to address their papers to the ATHENIAN and Literary Gazette, by which, promptness of delivery is secured, as well as an extension of postage. Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1833.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
It is hereby notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Summer that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned collector of said Summer for the year eighteen hundred and thirty-two, in the respective sums following, viz.
Name of Proprietors.
No. of Acres.
Value.
Sum.
Cents.
Mills.

First Division.
J. Damon east end of south gore 5 9 41 32 1
J. Tokesbury off of gore formerly owned by J. Cox Part of gore formerly owned by J. Cox and being north of J. Tokesbury's land 2 20 50 34
Pieble Spalding South gore East half of unknown 10 3 63 130 1 33 5
Pieble Spalding South gore West half of unknown 16 3 10 30 23 3
Lewis Samson off of second division 2 10 30 23 3
Silva Biase's dowry first division 45 12 100 77 6
The said collector will proceed according to law to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at his dwelling house in Summer at ten o'clock in the forenoon on Friday the twentieth day of June next, so much of the said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.
JUDAH KEEN, Jr. Collector for the Summer, March 22, 1834. 3w33

SORE AND INFLAMED EYES!
The studious, the weakly, and others, who are troubled with soreness or inflammation of that delicate organ will be able to obtain a most pleasant and invaluable application, in DUMFRIES' EYE WATER.
This well established wash for the Eye is perfectly innocent, and gives immediate relief, even in very aggravated cases of soreness and inflammation. Price 25 cents.

DYSPEPSIA!
Of most obstinate character, after having baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, and withstood the most highly recommended medical preparation, has been checked, relieved and cured, in a number of instances in and about the city, by using for a short time Dr. Relfe's Vegetable specific & Antibilious pills, in connexion, according to the directions accompanying the specific. It is also one of the medicines known for Sick headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Nausea and Flatulences.
No complaint is perhaps more prevalent in this or any country, than headache. It is seldom a primary affection, but arises from a variety of causes such as suppression of customary evacuations, obstructed perspiration &c. It is likewise not unfrequently symptomatic of indigestion, for so great is the sympathy between the brain and stomach, that it is often difficult to determine which is really in fault, and when it arises from a fault state of the stomach, it is generally termed sick headache, which will be speedily relieved by this specific.

A remarkable case is mentioned in Dr. Conway's pamphlet, of "A lady of Danvers, who had been afflicted most of the time for 20 years with a sick headache, was cured by a part of a box of this Specific." price of the Specific and pills 50 cents each.
White Teeth and Healthy Gums!
Those who would retain, or restore, these personable advantages, are assured that no composition can be obtained superior to the BRITISH ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE. This is an elegant and pleasant preparation in every respect, and has for many years past, given universal satisfaction wherever it has been used.
The Antiseptic Dentifrice is exempt from acid and other deleterious ingredients, which too frequently enter the composition of tooth powders in common use, and it whitens enamel of the teeth without doing it the least injury.—The regular use of this admired powder, by purifying the mouth and preventing the accumulation of tartar, operates as the best preventive Tooth Ache. The Dentifrice removes discolourations, and restores the beautiful native whiteness of the enamel. As its application braces and strengthens the Gums, it secures to them their healthy and florid hue and by removing all offensive foreign accumulations from the teeth, preserves the natural sweetness of the breath. Price 50 cents.
None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor T. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY. For sale at his Counting Room, over No. 99, Court-St, near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by Smith and Bennett, Norway Village, who has also for sale all of the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.
oldway Aug. 5.

Sheriff's Sale.
Oxford, ss:
TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction at the Store of Ezra T. Russell of Bethel in said County on Saturday the 26th day of April next, at two o'clock in the afternoon all the right which Moses Biabee of said Bethel, Blacksmith, has in redeem the right in equity of redemption resulting from a mortgage given by said Biabee to the said Russell of that lot of land numbered thirteen in the eighth range of lots in said Bethel.
AARON CROSS, Deputy Sheriff.
Bethel, March 20, 1834. 3w32

JOB WORK,
Executed with neatness and despatch at this
OFFICE

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